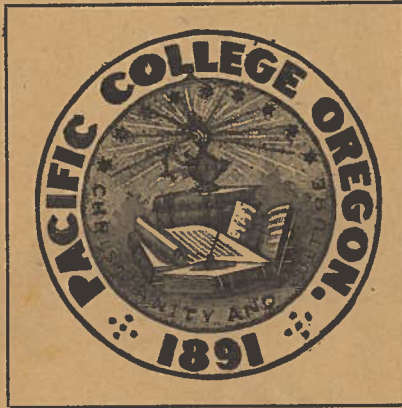


The Crescent



February, 1913

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THE CRESCENT

VOL. XXIV.

FEBRUARY, 1913

NO. 5

A Joke That Worked Both Ways

"Oh, girls," cried Gae, bursting into the room where the girls had gathered to talk until study hour, "I've got the splndidest news! You couldn't guess it in a month of Sundays!"

"Well, what is it now? You're always having a spell over something," said Bernice, languidly from her seat at the table, "what is it this time? An A in German or has Miss Andrews complimented you on your work in the Indian Club Drill?"

"Not at all," responded Gae, cheerfully as she dropped down on the floor beside her room-mate, Nell Bird. "This is a really truly something. I'll give you each one guess."

Two or three random guesses were made but Nell interrupted, "Gae, you little witch, what is it? I can see it really is something great and we're getting farther away every minute."

Gae put her hand into her sweater pocket and drew out a letter. The act was sufficient to bring the girls into a circle close about her as she opened the letter and read,

"Dearest Gae: Doubtless you haven't forgotten the promise which I made you at Xmas time and your father and I decided that this would be the best time to redeem it. We will send the car down to Hartford to meet the six o'clock train Friday evening. Bring as many of the girls as you wish. Now don't let these plans interfere with your studies this week but come prepared to forget all your lessons for a while. Your loving Mother."

Gae was nearly crushed for a few minutes as each one of the girls tried to get nearest to her and rapturous exclamations filled the room. "Did you ever hear anything so jolly?" "Wont that be the greatest fun?" "Isn't her mother just the dearest ever?" until at last Gae succeeded in mounting a chair and getting the girls' attention.

"Now," she said, authoritively, "everyone of you are going and as this is Wednesday we'll all have to hurry."

* * * * *

And that was how it happened that a merry crowd of girls alighted from the train at the little town of Hartford, one evening in January. Hartford was twenty miles back in the hills from the town which held Harberly College where Gae attended school and the girls were delighted to find everything buried in snow. Instead of the big red touring car which they had expected to see, there was a big open sleigh, heaped full of robes and drawn by a splendid span of big dapple-grey horses. Mr. Lewis, Gae's father, was there to drive them out to the big farm-house where Mrs. Lewis was awaiting them.

After they had done full justice to the old-fashioned country supper, the girls gathered in the wide hall to

discuss plans for the following day. They were undecided whether a skating party on the little lake or a sleigh-ride through the surrounding country would prove most enjoyable for the morning's outing and appealed to Mrs. Lewis for a decision.

"Well, girls, I think it would be nicest to leave the skating party for the afternoon or evening and make use of the sleigh in the morning." Gae knew from the expression on her mother's face and the understanding smile from her father, that they had a plan for the morning which was to be a surprise. The girls rose early the next morning (at half past eight) and after a hearty breakfast, they all gathered in the hall to prepare for the ride. All dressed in heavy dark skirts, white golf sweaters with little knit caps of their school colors, maroon and white, they made a pretty sight. The air was crisp and cold and put everyone in the best of spirits. Although her father took a round-about course, Gae saw that they were on a road which led to the little station of Hartford, and several times she saw him look at his watch. They drew up at the station just as the morning train whistled at the curve. The girls remarked what fun it was to watch and see who came to this little out-of-the-way place when suddenly Gladys called out, "Well, if there isn't Rob Meredith! And Phil Evans! Why, there's a whole crowd of college boys!" Mr. Lewis had alighted from the sleigh and was piloting the boys toward it. For a moment, the girls were too surprised to speak but it didn't take long to get the explanation of how Mr. and Mrs. Lewis had managed to make it a complete surprise and it was a jolly crowd who piled into the sleigh ready for the ride back to the farm.

In the afternoon, they decided to leave the skating

party for the evening and spent the afternoon telling stories and popping corn over the open fire in the hall. Early in the afternoon Gae and Nell met on the stairway and there was a frown on Gae's usually smiling face. She drew Nell down on the step beside her.

"Nell," she whispered, "I can't understand what mother had that Roy Marshall come out for. He's not a bit like the rest of the crowd and it just spoils the fun. I'm sure the rest feel just as I do but I don't see how I can help matters any."

Nell thought a minute and then a mischievous smile broke over her face.

"Gae," she whispered, "I've got the dandiest plan. I'm sure it'll work fine if you'll just do it. I will tell the rest of the crowd so they can enjoy the joke too. Now promise you'll do it."

"But tell me what is first. I don't want to go into it before I know what I'm doing."

"We can't let just one spoil the whole party for us when we can have a jolly good time out of it. Now you pretend you think Roy is pretty nice and talk to him every chance you get. That'll wake him up if anything will and I feel it in my bones that something will happen but if all the rest are in the plan, the joke will fall on Roy—see?"

At first Gae had her misgivings as to the feasibility of the plan; her duty as a hostess hurt her conscience but she soothed it by saying that it was merely a little joke and consented to play her part. And Gae had a reputation for always finishing the things which she started. So in the course of the afternoon, all the members of the house party but one had learned of the plan and thought it would be a capital joke.

The evening was a beautiful one; the air crisp and

cold; the starry heavens overhead and the sparkling snow beneath seemed to invite them out to the little frozen lake. As they left the piazza, they scattered out and according to previous planning, Gae was left with Roy Marshall. Gae proved equal to the occasion and they were soon engaged in an earnest conversation which, much to the disgust of the others, was kept too low to be overheard. At the edge of the lake, he knelt to adjust her skates and Nell noted with growing jealousy, that he did it as easily as any of the others. After the skating began, most of the party forgot Gae for a time but Nell drew Gladys aside and whispered anxiously, "Glad, have you seen Gae? I'm kind o' sorry that I started this thing. Have you noticed how those two have been acting? Of course, it's all put on with Gae (there was more assurance in Nell's words than in her voice) "and say, Glad, he is quite stunning, isn't he?"

Gladys understood Nell's anxiety and patted her reassuringly on the shoulder, "Now, never you mind, Nell; of course Gae is only playing and just wait 'till it's over and you see, she'll have the biggest laugh over it of any."

Then Rob and Lester appeared and the girls were soon deep in the mystery of learning a fancy step but Nell gave a sigh of relief when she saw Gae pass with Phil Evans. He was teaching her a new way of turning quickly and Gae wished to try it alone. Instead of keeping to the center of the lake, she unconsciously took a wide sweep out to one side. A crack—a scream and Gae disappeared through the ice. Several of the crowd started toward the spot but a voice was heard calling them to keep back, "Be careful, you'll all go through." Snatching a coat which someone had

dropped on the bank, Roy cautiously approached near the hole. He dropped full length on the ice and as Gae rose, he threw one edge of the coat out to her, calling, "Get a good hold and then hang on." They heard her give a gasp and saw her clutch frantically at the coat. Two of the fellows grasped Roy and together they pulled the chilled and frightened girl out onto the ice. Roy tore off his overcoat and wrapped it about her, then, heedless of the crowd about them, he lifted her in his arms and carried her swiftly to the house.

* * * * *

The next morning, Gae had sufficiently recovered from the shock to go down to breakfast but decided to remain indoors that day as her icy bath had left her with a bad cold. Nell wanted to stay with her but Gae insisted that she accompany the rest on their trip to the woods after mistletoe.

After the rest had departed on their jaunt, Gae wandered into the music room to select some songs to take back to college with her. She was sitting in the deep window seat with a pile of music on her lap and her back to the door when a voice beside her asked, "May I look at the music, too?" She looked up quickly but turned toward the window and she stammered, "Why,—yes—of course," then after a little pause, "I thought you had gone with the rest after mistletoe."

"No, I have a cold and decided to stay in today."

For several minutes neither spoke but, at last, Gae broke out "Mr. Marshall I—I want to thank you for what you did for me last night. If it hadn't been for you I—" she swallowed and began again, "No—wait till I get through" as he started to speak, "I've—I've got an apology to make too. (What will he think of me?)

I—I made fun of you! Can you forgive me and be friends?"

"It's the easiest thing I ever did," he said, heartily, "Here comes the crowd—let's sing 'Here's to Maroon and White!'"
M. G. Acad.



One of Many

It was at that crowded corner in New York, where Fifth Avenue edges on Broadway, where the crowd never stops, where the air is never quiet. An old man, with one leg amputated above the knee, was playing a simple melody on a violin as old and battered looking as himself. Now and then some child would drop a penny in the cup before him, but the crowd paid no heed—to him. There were too many cases like this to attract attention.

Suddenly the music changed from the simple melody, played to catch the ear of the crowd, to one descriptive of days long past in sunny Italy. The music is now joyous, now full of pathos. He is just preparing to go to America to earn something for the loved ones at home. His music portrays his joy. For a time he sends money home, and all goes well with him. The music is happy still.

Misfortune comes upon him suddenly! He is run over by a train, and when he at last leaves the hospital, he is an old and wretched man, old before his time.

Sad and pitiful the strain of the music becomes. "Starved," he reads from an old newspaper printed in Italy, "the wife and two children of Antonio Carino, whose whereabouts in America is unknown." He pays

no attention to the crowd, fascinated by the weird and beautiful music. Tears are in his eyes, starvation faces him, he plays on. The music so long kept in the precious old violin is awakened, and when he at last stops, the crowd presses around him and fills his tin-cup and pockets with money. While yet in the crowded street, he lifts his eyes to the skies above and thanks God for the sudden change of fortune, and for the blessings the money will bring him. He will go back to Italy and live a life of happiness in his old boyhood home. Picking up the cherished violin, he hobbles to the squalid East Side tenement, to a room which he now calls home. What cares he for dirt or filth, he will be happy in a short time!

Once again he takes up the old violin. The beautiful music rises above the cry of children and the barking of dogs on the crowded pavement below. He is happy once more, and thanks God with a smile on his lips!

The passing crowd had often seen the old man and paid little attention to his playing, but today even the hardest heart was touched by the beautiful music. It lingered in their memories long after they had gone by, and all pitied the old man whose story was so plainly printed on his face and so clearly portrayed by the strange music. The story gained wide circulation, and the evening papers were filled with fancied and skillfully constructed stories of the old musician's life. A reporter went the next morning to obtain, if possible, the true story. He reached the dingy room, which had just ceased ringing with the melodies of the old violin. He hesitated a moment at the open door. He was never to hear the sad, sad story, for the old man was even now with his loved ones.

L. B. '16

The Origin of St. Valentine's Day

On February 14th we celebrate St. Valentine's Day, but we know little of its origin.

Valentine was a Christian martyr who was arrested in Rome by Claudius in 270 A. D. He was handed over to Asterius who was charged to win him back to idolatry, but instead, he himself was converted, on account of the healing of his blind daughter by Valentine. The Saint was kept in prison and finally beheaded.

No connection can be traced between the Saint and this day but the association seems to be purely accidental.

It is suggested that the celebration of this day may be the survival, with a Christian sanction, to the ancient Roman festival of the Lupercolia, celebrated in the month of February. At this time it was the custom to put the names of young women into a box from which they were drawn by the men, thus choosing their "valentines" for the ensuing year.

At one time it was customary for both sexes to make presents to each other but afterward the obligation was restricted to young men. They were supposed to remain faithful for the entire year to the service of their "valentine."

The practice of sending valentines is rapidly decreasing and at some future time this "lover's day" may entirely disappear.

V. C. '16



Pacific Daffy-Bills

If Florence finds Lang-worthy, what will Esther find Ha-worth?

If a rooster can Cro-zer, can a Bartholo-mew?
 If we can have a Newhouse in Newberg, why can't
 we have a new York?
 If Floyd is in mishchief, what is Co-rinne?
 If Arthur may cut classes, Ma-bel?
 Olin Ha'dly passed in Greek.
 What makes Dick so Seeley?
 A young fellow at Rex says he'd like to Mary Jones.
 If Hazel ought to get home early, do you think
 Elli-ott?
 Nobody would have thought of Rubber Rust except
 a Weatherhead.
 What would it take to make Gladys Purdy?
 What would make Parker Russell?
 If he was a goat, wouldn't Dale Butt?
 Who chews Alta Gumm?
 A sophomore says a Chehalem Center girl has a
 cherry lip. Why don't Ellis Pickett?
 If Mr. York is Her-bert, who is his Bert?
 If a certain young man lost his Campbell, would he
 have to hump himself?
 Some folks who do not care for pickles will some-
 times take an Olive.
 If Gulley is on the basketball team, what is Halcy-on?
 Faculty observation is making Ross Wiley?
 H— says his favorite dish is Craw-fish.
 If the faculty could hatch up a plot, what could
 Irene Hatch?

If one student can be Blythe Owen a dollar, how
 much is Rene Owen?
 Is Kathleen Gass natural or artificial?
 With the matron so plump, why is Pau-line?
 Everybody boarding at the dormitory seem to like
 De Bord.



Alumni Notes

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Guy Metcalf, February 11, a daughter.

Prof. R. W. Kirk, superintendent of schools in Corvallis, visited in Newberg Sunday, February 9.

Walter Parker returned recently from a business trip to Minneapolis.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Wright are spending the year at Richmond, Indiana. Mr. Wright is taking work at Earlham College.

Miss Gertrude Minthorn '04, who received her M. D. degree at the University of Iowa 1910, and then was honored by being appointed House Doctor in a Philadelphia hospital the next year, is now practicing with her father at Newport, Oregon.

Lillian Nicholson '06 since graduating has taken one year at Idaho State Normal, and is now teaching primary work in Caldwell, Idaho.

Walter R. Miles '06 who for the past three years has been pastor of the Friends church at West Branch, Iowa, and at the same time has been taking advance work at the University of Iowa, was elected last spring as National Secretary of the Phi Delta Kappa Society,

an educational fraternity. This entitled him to attend the national convention of this fraternity which met this month at Philadelphia.

Dr. and Mrs. Ray Pemberton '06 have moved from Salem to Metolius, Oregon. Dr. Pemberton has not only worked up a good practice in that place but has also been given the office of City Recorder.

N. M. P. '07.

Athletics

P. U. VS P. C.

In a league game at Forest Grove February 7, Pacific University was easily the victor. The game started slow; P. C.'s players did not seem to wake up and play their usual fast game until the second half, then it was too late to change the final score as the University had received such a big lead in the first half. P. U.'s best score getter was Shaver who caged eight baskets in the first half, but in the next twenty minutes he was completely covered up by the excellent guarding of Haworth. Dale Butt played good ball and made the most points for the Quakers. The final score was 30 to 18. A. M. Grilley, of the Portland Y. M. C. A., was the referee.

CHEMAWA VS PACIFIC

Again we were defeated by a league team. This time it was due as much to the waxed floor as to the good playing of the Indians. The final score was 50-20. That there is not so large a difference in the two teams is shown by the fact that a tie game was played at New-

berg earlier in the season. Gulley proved to be the star for Pacific, getting seven field baskets.

MCMINNVILLE VS P. C.

So far we have gone thru the season with a clean record—having not yet won a league game. For the game with McMinnville Saturday evening, February 22, the team was in poor shape and had had little practice. Haworth was out on account of sickness, and Hinshaw who was called on to play forward had not had any practice with the other players. The game started fast and the teams seemed evenly matched. The second half was rougher, and in this sort of play Mac easily excelled. The final score was 27-19. Gulley and Butt played the best ball for P. C. Petit did the stellar work for McMinnville.

MAC SECOND VS P. C. SECOND

In a preliminary contest between the second teams, Mac again won. This time by just one point, 15-14. This was due to pure luck as the P. C. boys out-played and out-classed their opponents.

Hawkins:—I can't reach that note, are you sure it is there?

Zander:—Sorry! Played a fly.

"I wish I could get into my ink bottle."—Eva Campbell.

F. D.—The Dorm boys are always in.

L. E.—In to something.

Prof. Johnson, speaking to Harry Haworth in chemistry class: "Ethel, can you explain—"

THE CRESCENT.

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OLIN C. HADLEY, '14, Editor-in-Chief.

ARTHUR B. GEORGE, '13, Assistant Editor

NORMA HARVEY, '16, Exchanges

PAUL MILLS, Acad. Athletics

RAE LANGWORTHY '14

GLADYS HANNON, '15

HARRY HAWORTH '15, Business Manager

MEADE ELLIOTT '15 Assistant Business Manager

} Locals

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Calendar of Events

March 5, Byron's Troubadours.

March 7, Debate Tryout.

March 14, Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest.

March 25, Annual Election of S. B. and Crescent officers.



Boosters We note with thankfulness an inclination on **Again!** the part of the students to arouse their old time loyalty for P. C. A call for a booster's meeting brought out nearly every student. A committee has been named to draw up a plan and a constitution for a booster's club. This is an excellent time for a movement of this kind as the state oratorical contest is

to be here on March 14. Let us get the boosting spirit before the contest and then hold on to it.



Every student should attend the oratorical contest. It is here only once in every eight years.



The Sophomores will put out the next issue of the Crescent.



Locals

The regular work of the second semester started in good shape Feb. 10th. A few have been unable to return, but many new faces are seen, especially in the Academy.

What has become of that cane-rush which seemed so enthusiastically planned awhile back? Can it be that class loyalty has died out?

The first chapel speaker in the new semester was C. E. Tebbetts, Secretary of the Friends Foreign Mission Board. He showed how our future life is determined by our actions every day; that in so far as our life affects the community or the nation or the world, these two are affected by the lives lived in college. It was a very helpful and interesting talk.

Prof. L. (in Ethics) In the maternal family the husband went to live with the wife's people, but in case of a feud between his wife's family and his father's, he fought with his father's.

R. W. That would give him a good chance to get rid of his mother-in-law, wouldn't it?

Pres. Pennington and Mrs. Hodgkin attended the Presidents' conference of independent colleges which was held at Salem February 14 and 15.

Cap. W. D. Owen, of Victoria, visited with his daughter, Rene, over Wednesday and Thursday.

A committee, appointed by the President of the S. B. to secure subscriptions for the Crescent, did very effective work in "arousing the students to the need of the hour." Many new names were added to the subscription list. The committee consisted of Gladys Hannon, Walter Wilson, Floyd Davis and Marjorie Gregory.

Paul Lewis has been out of school since February 6 because of sickness.

Prof. Hawkins gave a very interesting account of the plot to assassinate Lincoln at Baltimore on his way to Washington for his first inauguration, telling how the plot was discovered by the Pinkerton detectives, and a tragedy averted. This was given February 14, having been "kept on cold storage" for a few days.

Prayer meetings have been held every day at 1:00 p. m. while the meetings are in progress at the churches in town.

Prof. Hawkins led Y. M. C. A. February 19, taking as his subject "A Young Man's Idols." The abuses, or use for a selfish purpose, of blessings such as money, athletics, scholarship, political office, etc. are some things which constitute a young man's idols.

Melvin Elliott was elected temporary yell master to serve till after the Oratorical here March 14. A committee was appointed to submit a more definite method for raising money for S. B. purposes during the coming year.

Cecil Berry is now staying with his uncle, J. H. Rees. Another case where the "call to the farm" was too strong.

The date for the debate try out has been set for March 7. There will be six or eight that will try for a place on the team.

"Hull Day" at chapel has been greatly enjoyed the past two weeks. Prof. and Mrs. Hull have played several selections from Grieg representing scenes from Ibsen's great work "Peer Gynt."

Norma Harvey took up her work February 10, after a month's absence.

An exciting, well played game of basket ball was enjoyed February 12 by a few college students. The game between P. C. and the local High School, resulted in a victory for P. C., 25-21. The H. S. has a fast team and played a good game, but were unused to the playing and height of Gulley. The best of feeling prevailed through the game and we believe games like this tend to a more helpful and friendly relation between the two schools.

All were grieved when Floyd Davis had the misfortune to break his ankle in basket ball practice—so much so that two fair maids have provided him with joy rides in a "Big Four" kid's express wagon.

The girls have organized for basket ball and the turnout for first practice showed much interest.

Scene—Chapel. Prof. Johnson and his class coming in five minutes late. Pres. Pennington (reading)—"Go to the ant thou sluggard * * * How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard?"

Exchanges

The Comet, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, is one of our best exchanges. We received the February issue about the last of January. This is something unusual among our exchanges.

The Norm, Monmouth, Oregon, has appeared on our exchange table again after an absence of several months. We are glad to receive the school mam's paper. It is a neat and well edited paper.

Among our new exchanges for this month are: The Whitworthian, Tacoma, Washington, Vol. 1. No. 1 of The Ledger, Syracuse, N. Y. and The High School Optimist, Forest Grove, Oregon.

We are sorry to miss The Orderly, Portland, Oregon, and The Kodak, Everett, Washington. These are good papers and we hope they will come again.

"Choosing a Career" by Chas. A. Rice of Portland, is an article that should be read by all students. It is found in the February Chemawa American.

Failure is only for those who think failure.—Elbert Hubbard.

Little drops on water
Little drops on land
Makes the aviator
Join the Heavenly land.—Ex.

Bobby—Mama, am I a lad?
Mama—Yes, Bobby.
Bobby—And is my new papa my stepfather?
Mama—Yes.
Bobby—Then I'm his step ladder.

"Do you obey the Bible injunction to love your neighbor?"

"I try to but she wont let me."—Ex.

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Precious Stones Cut and Mounted.

Agate Work a Specialty

DR. E. P. DIXON DENTIST

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